

THE— ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

V. Rev. Justin McManus O.P.
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WHO'S WHO HEREIN

We write this column with joy in our heart—the Alembic has at last been brought to the student body's attention. Not that it has been selected as the foremost college publication by any great critic, or mentioned in an A. P. dispatch. That glory is not yet. We rejoice because it has been attacked by the budding critics of the lower classes, and so remarkable is that attention that we make this public and permanent record of it. The incident promises much and we are prepared to make the most of it.

It so happens that the request for changes in the Alembic format and contents comes at a time when improvements which we have had in mind and toward which we have been working for almost a year are about to be realized. These improvements will not include the adoption of any such departments as the genial critics are looking for; two minutes' serious reflection would make anyone aware that humor pages and the like are not for a magazine of the type of Alembic. Keeping within the zone that circumscribes all serious and scholarly publications, we shall develop those features which are now lacking, and they will appear just as speedily as the co-operation of the staff and the student body permit. We suggest that the dissatisfied gentlemen await the appearance of the December issue, with what patience they can muster.

We have two new story-tellers to introduce this month, Timothy J. Sullivan and Louis C. Fitzgerald, both Juniors. Their contributions have the intrigue and spirit expected of a good story, and what is of greater moment, they give promise of even better work. We shall not allow their pens to lie idle for want of encouragement. The essayists who appear in our pages are capable of longer pieces and we shall not let them go unsolicited, either. There are touches of distinctive talents in their work.

The dramatic column which Mr. Dan Higgins compounded last month excited favorable comment, because of the frank way in which he discussed the stage production of the past year and also for the intelligent and rational way in which he expressed his opinions. Those who look to see him ridicule any deserving actor, professional or amateur, will be perpetually disappointed, for Mr. Higgins is no little boy throwing stones. He has taken steps to check on professional plays from a moral point of view by watching Cardinal Hayes' White List, and his December contribution will be especially worthwhile.

For the enlightenment of unknowing readers, we wish to announce that George Tebbetts provides the account of the games appearing in the Sports Department, and Mr. Skenyon writes the running commentaries on college athletics.

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Solution

TIMES beyond number the thinkers of the world have set down formulae of human conduct for the world to follow, undeterred by the illimitable possibilities of the subject and the hopelessness of evolving a rule that would be applicable universally. Notwithstanding the presumption of these, they have acquired many disciples and adherents. It remains for me, an humble student of life, not to imitate them in their presumption, but to wonder at the vast divergence of things that appear in the picture.

I have just left the highroad linking two of New England's largest cities. Over its smooth surface high-powered motor cars hum at high speed every few seconds and in the moments that have elapsed since I left it, I have stepped back into history eight hundred years. For here upon a hill overlooking the Blackstone Valley stands the granite bulk of the monastery of Our Lady of the Valley.

It is an October day of rare beauty; the monotonous green of the countryside is interlaced with an indescribable riot of color, and the bluish haze of autumn hangs over the landscape, softening the rough contours of rocky hill and broken plain alike. The warm breeze brings the incense of harvested fields tinged with the aroma of wood-smoke and burning leaves.

The main building, approached by a tree-lined avenue, has no outstanding architectural feature save that of solidity, but the pure Gothic beauty of the new chapel to the left hints at the dream to be realized when the proposed monastic unit is completed.

A black-bearded priest, clad in a black and white habit, escorts us through the buildings. Outstanding are the library and study halls with their intent students, who seem unaware of our presence, the serene simplicity of the inner chapel, and the barrenness of the inmates' rooms. An atmosphere of absolute quiet hangs over all as if

to say, "Walk softly, for this is a place of meditation and prayer."

A closing door echoes solemnly like the last note of a familiar old melody and the chapel bell, ringing to measure some particular part of the day, drenches those quiet halls with melancholy music. It is strange that a glimpse of the choir stalls with their brass-studded hymn-books calls to my mind a scene afforded me by that miracle of modern science, the talking picture, of a travelogue, depicting a Chinese monastery in which seven Taoist priests chanted an ancient ritual.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER

*No more the roar of guns, no more
The bursting bomb, the ring of steel,
No more the shattered pulses feel
The crush of fierce titanic war.*

*The bugle's note has died away
Upon the echoes of Verdun.
A war long lost, a war long won;
The nightmare of another day.*

*But winds of peace are warm, and here
The leaden sleet will melt in dew.
The grass is of a greener hue
Above the hearts that slumber near.*

JOHN LACROIX, '33

We pass out into the fields which are dotted with robed and hooded figures, each at his appointed task. Silently and efficiently they labor, and we can well believe our black-bearded mentor that the present scheme is planned for fifty years to come, for in orchard, meadow, quarry and dairy we discover the same unhurried industry, impressing upon the observer their feeling for the high importance of the present task, their utter disregard of the past, and their fervent hope for the future.

Materialists find scant comfort for their reasoning here. Their belief that we spring from the darkness, pass our allotted time on this wayward ball in space before we

leap into the unknown, is afforded no basis in the ordered and incessant industry here shown. For here indeed is no blind groping, but a steady movement forward to a definite goal.

Below us lies a valley filled with homes and factories, schools and churches, and on the far horizon there rises the gray tower of the Industrial Trust Building, while to the right glistens the white dome of the State capitol. I am thinking of the harried and worried air that invests the human ants that scurry about these self-erected monuments, and I am thinking of how, despite their belief in the shibboleths of political and religious liberty, they are irrevocably enslaved by their political and social institutions.

Off in the valley is a world of smoke and sweat and struggle, wherein a new and vital race is working out its destiny, typifying the eternal warfare of mankind against insuperable difficulties. The heedless and blind impetuosity of youth is discernible to the student of its mass reactions. Yet strangely enough a young lay-brother striding eagerly up from the fields in answer to the summons of the chapel bell exemplifies the hard-won wisdom of an ancient race, and unbidden there comes to my mind again the glimpse of the Chinese monks, mumbling a monotonous chant of mystical things that must remain to me forever secret and undisclosed.

I have yet to meet a man who appreciated the rigorous regimen of the Trappists, that did not envy the individual his fortune in following that life. But I cannot help contrasting the happy mien of an old priest of this community with the troubled air of the average man of business. What has even the captain of the commercial world to compensate him for the complete happiness manifested in these simple beings whose philosophy of existence is summed up in the words: Be satisfied with what you have.

(Continued on Page 16)

The Four Leaf Clover

By

Timothy J. Sullivan, '34

IT was rather late when Jean Bascombe left the gambling place of Rue de la Marte. To look at Jean's face one would not think that he had lost a considerable amount of money at the gambling tables tonight, or if they did they would think that he had a great deal of money. However, the truth was that Jean had a few francs in his pocket and that was all he had except his reserve fund of ten thousand francs which he had put away only for emergency. And ten thousand francs was not very much money at the Rue de la Marte!

Jean Bascombe was a gambler by birth, instinct, and inheritance. For many years the Rue de la Marte had seen him in its gambling dens. For the last six weeks he had been playing the roulette wheel at the Cafe de la Couer Rouge. He was sixty-five years old; the thrills of gambling had its effect upon him. Although to an observer, he was the cool gambler of old yet, internally he was a nervous wreck. Now that his money had diminished and he had only a few francs left, he decided to call upon the reserve fund which he had kept untouched in a secret hiding place. He was going to gamble it—although when he put it away he did not intend it for that purpose. But—Jean smiled to himself—he would win this time.

Oh yes—to be sure, he had no luck. It seemed to be always against him. He won once in a while, but the next turn of the wheel found him losing; until now, what had been a fortune to him had diminished to a few francs. He had decided to take another chance; if he lost—well, he would become a pauper, an object of charity, something he despised; if he won he would be on easy street, and he would give up gambling.

The few francs he had in his pocket would not be sufficient to guarantee a life of ease even if he won with it. He would have to take his whole reserve fund—ten thousand francs! Well—he wasn't taking a chance this time. He had

not been gambling and losing in the Rue de la Marte for the last six weeks for nothing. He had found their system. No wonder he had a smile on his face; no wonder he could feel happy with a few francs in his pocket.

Yes, to be sure he thought he had found a system once before. He had won on the first turn—but when he had doubled on the second turn of the wheel he had lost everything again. Luck? Yes—that's what it was. He was not sure then. This time he was. Not only was he more sure of the system this time, but he was also in luck. He had picked a four leaf clover this morning; was that not an omen of good luck?

Jean entered his house and after looking over some notes that he had taken, while watching the gambling, put them in his drawer and soon after retired. He soon fell asleep—a serene smile across his face. He was confident.

He arose early and ate his breakfast. The day passed slowly—would night time ever come? At last the shades of night covered the earth. Jean went to his room to dress. He would be dressed formally tonight. Why not? Was it not to be his last night at the Rue de la Marte? Having finished dressing he went to a closet and pulled out an old box; opening the box he took out its entire contents—ten thousand francs! Hastily putting these in his pocket, he turned to leave the room, but a speck of green on the bureau held

his attention. The four leaf clover! Well—he hoped it would bring him luck tonight. It wouldn't bring him much luck if it remained on the bureau. Of course not! Quickly taking it up, he looked at it, a few flecks of white were noticeable on it. Well that wouldn't change its luck. He put it in his pocket and went downstairs.

After leaving the hotel, he walked slowly up the promenade. Five minutes later he entered a restaurant where he dined nightly. Entering, he took his usual place. A waiter coming up addressed him with familiarity.

"Good evening, Monsieur Bascombe—how are you this evening?" Jean looked up from his carte du jour and smilingly replied, "Better than ever, Alphonse."

"Ah, but you look very happy tonight, Monsieur," answered the waiter. "Is it that you have received good news?"

Jean smiled quizzically and with a wave of his hand replied, "Yes and no, Alphonse, but not through a letter."

"Ne c'est pas?" broke in the waiter. "Then how?"

"Oh! here is my good news," Jean answered taking the four-leaf clover from his pocket. "That's good news for anyone."

The waiter smiled and nodded his head affirmatively. "So it is, Monsieur, the four-leaf clover is a sign of luck to any man." Then looking closer, he noticed a few white spots on the four-leaf clover, then he asked, "What are these spots, Monsieur?"

Jean looked again, then shaking his head, he answered, "Oh, those, I do not know; but what difference do they make?"

"Well, I suppose they would not make any difference," replied the waiter. Then continuing, "You are prepared to gamble heavily tonight, Monseieur?"

"Yes, I am. Of course I will win. Not only have I luck, but I have found a system, and I am sure I can win."



(Continued on Page 16)

Among the Essayists

SNORING

I know all about snoring. A pair of sensitive ears and a multitude of sleepless nights over a long period of years have brought me to a point where I consider myself an expert on the subject. I know it from "A" to "Z"—or perhaps I should say from "A" to "Z-Z" which is the way most writers express the sound—and the more I find out about it, the less I like it. For the benefit of those unfortunate persons who are not so well-informed in the matter, I will endeavor to set down some of the results of my long experience.

There are snores—and snores. First of all there is the common garden variety which I will call the Ordinary Snore. It is marked by a steady, gentle grind, somewhat similar to the noise made by a small buzz-saw cutting through soft pine. Next there is the Extraordinary Snore, which can be distinguished from the Ordinary type by its greater timbre and resonance. I have an uncle who possesses an excellent example of this type. He should be drafted by the Coast Guard for there is not a foghorn on the seaboard that can compare in range and power with his snore. Then we have the Surprise Snore, which is a little more subtle than the first two, and requires a more detailed explanation; it goes like this: For the space of two or three breaths all is silence, and no sound issues from the lips of the sleeper. Suddenly and without warning, a terrific blast, bursting from puffed-out cheeks, is likely to startle you violently. You hold yourself tense for a moment, expecting it to be repeated, but no further sound comes. Just when you have completely relaxed, and are on the verge of falling asleep, another blast throws you into confusion once more. This uncertainty is what makes this type so obnoxious. Finally, we come to the aristocrat of the phenomena—the Musical Snore (in exceptional cases

this is known as the Symphonic Snore). Here we find snoring raised to the dignity of an art. Among the thousands who claim membership in the snoring fraternity, less than one in a hundred can boast a Musical Snore. It is a highly complicated type. Starting at a low, nasal pitch, it rises, slowly at first, then faster and louder until it ends in a thunderous crash—there is a slight pause—then comes a sweet whistle that trills lightly back down the scale, to end in a soft, tender sigh. This operation is repeated and repeated—so, far into the night. There we have the basic types of snores. Perhaps there are others, but investigation will show that they are variations of these four I have mentioned.

Let us leave the snore for a moment—I would prefer to leave it forever—and consider those misguided souls who are responsible for the vile noises. Webster says that one who snores is "a snorter." He goes on to state that a snorter is also a violent wind-storm. How fitting! Whether the wind-storm was named after those who snore or vice versa is immaterial. The connection is only too obvious.

The snorter, like many other animals, thrives better in some surroundings than in others. Of course, the home is his principal working-place, but even here, there is a distinction. I have found from

personal experience that the snorter does his best work in those summer-houses with the beaver-board partitions that fall two or three feet short of reaching the ceiling. Give him such a house, fill it with guests, and he rises to the occasion, as it were, making the night hideous with his efforts. Deprived of a house in which to perform, he is not averse to displaying his talents in church on a Sunday, or in a theatre on any day. I am forcibly reminded of the afternoon I sat in a crowded theatre where one of the snoring clan began operations immediately behind me. I felt inclined to find the manager and suggest that he send the organist, who was completely drowned out, home for the day. Instead, I went home for the day myself.

What can we do about these pests, these blights on our otherwise peaceful lives? I have considered the question from all angles. At the frenzied moments when I am listening to one of them, violent assault seems to be the only fitting thing. But in more rational periods, I have chosen a less drastic, but equally effective method. After discarding an isolation plan, in which all snorters would be placed in a lonely community at the tip of the North Pole, I have devised what I think is an excellent solution to the problem. I shall wait until I am wealthy, at which time I shall found an institute that will confine itself solely to the development of an effective silencer for all types of snores. If the institute does not succeed in this, it is my earnest hope that it will at least invent some gadget which will transform the snore into a reasonable likeness of a harmonica playing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," or some other equally soothing melody. In the meanwhile, I shall buy a ten-cent package of absorbent cotton, stuff five cents' worth into each ear, and impatiently await the time when I can carry out my more elaborate plans.

Ray Henderson, '35



Important Accident

By

Louis C. FitzGerald, '34

THIS is the story of an era. It is the tale of the times when gallantry was to men what six or seven petticoats were to women—a necessity. The period, the late "70's," was just as filled with life as are the times of today although life was not quite so teeming and restless. Human nature runs through the story just as it ran rampant at the times. Men and women lived, were petty, were noble, saw truth and told lies: children were born, grew up, married, procreated others of the same species, died and were forgotten. From this maze of existences we take our characters, not particularly important to anybody, except themselves.

June days are very apt to be beautiful and this day was no exception. The roses were bursting their buds, scenting the sunny blue of the day with their delightful perfume. A bird chirped gaily; the dog got up from his sun bath, stretched lazily and went about his business; the sly pussy cat took the warm spot in the sun just vacated by the canine; and Franklin Brown laid down the book he was reading. From his porch he contemplated the beautiful serenity of the scene, drinking it in, holding it, and delighting in the exquisite charm of nature.

The world was all right, the bird and the cat and the dog—everything was all right, for Franklin was in love, deeply in love—in love with the most charming, most beautiful and sweetest little girl in the world and anyone disbelieving that could ask him. But they didn't. Instead his friends teased him about his fiancée and would run away before he had a chance to pin them down and explain and describe to them the attributes of his adorable Sondra. A wonderful name, Sondra. Sondra Johnson, and the name just fit her, too, for she was nice, and sedate and beautiful and sweet and all the other favorable adjectives that he whispered into her ear night after night.

Frank's mother wanted him to

get married that June. "A boy's good for nothing when he's in love," she used to tell him and Frank agreed with her, but thought that love was the most important thing in the whole world. But marriage that month was impossible for Sondra and Frank. She thought he hadn't been working long enough (he was graduated from college only the month before) and although he was fairly well to do by reason of a large legacy left at his father's death, it was thought advisable for him to work a bit longer, before settling down to a life of children and hardships and cares. Moreover, Sondra wanted to wait until October to be mar-



ried. Sondra's mother, Mrs. Johnson, had been married in October and Sondra thought it would be nice to be married on her mother's wedding anniversary. "Didn't Franklin (she always called him Franklin—it was so much more dignified than Frank), 'didn't Franklin think October would be a nice month to be married in?' Franklin did and it was planned to have the nuptials the next autumn.

Franklin's rumination ceased abruptly, for just then his brother Bob, tall and dark with crispy wavy hair not unlike Franklin's own, bounced onto the porch. "Howdy, lazybones," he chirped. "Snap out of it and we'll have a couple of sets of tennis before dinner."

Frank was too content to remain where he was, so stifling a yawn he

drawled, "Why spoil a perfectly beautiful afternoon by chasing a crazy tennis ball all around a hot court? Go get Sis," he added, "she'll play with you. Maybe after forty or fifty years you'll be able to beat her. Forty love, Mr. Bob," and Frank turned away, smiling.

"Aw, go feed your horses," Bob retorted. "Since you've been going around with Sondra you can't do anything except sit around and look hopeful. I wish that wedding would come off so we could kiss the bride and get it over with. Well, pleasant dreams, Mr. Brown."

"Run along, infant," Frank chided his brother as he went through the door into the house. He always treated Bob as a boy and although there was but a year and a half difference in their ages, a world of dignity and prestige separated them. Bob liked tennis but all Frank's spare time was spent developing horses. "There's something about a horse," he would argue, "that enobles a man. It takes a real man to handle a good prancing steed, but tennis, bah!—a sissy's game." In a time when a good piece of horse-flesh was a prize possession, Frank owned two thoroughbred stallions. Beautiful they were, as slick and glossy as the constant care of an attentive groom could make them. They had a dash and a vigor that bespoke royal ancestry. Nervous and high strung, for they appealed to Frank because of their extra speed, they were driven only by him, since he neither cared nor trusted to have any one else around his prize beauties.

He sat motionless for the next thirty minutes. The rest of the world remained quiet, too. Four thousand people can be awfully quiet in the middle of a June day and after all there wasn't much to do in Alton. There was even less for Franklin to do since he wasn't to see Sondra until the picnic on the following day. So he sat and dozed and dreamed—the pleasant dreams that come only to a man in love. Finally he got up, wandered

around aimlessly, took a look in his stable, spent the rest of the afternoon trying to read a book, had an early dinner and went to bed shortly afterwards.

The day of the picnic dawned clear and bright. Frank was up early and since Sondra wasn't quite so enamoured of speed in horses, preferring to trot behind a respectable mare than to tear at a breakneck pace in some careening buck-board, he had the groom harness one of his mother's horses to the carriage. It did not take him long to reach the Johnson homestead although the trip seemed interminable to him. Once there, he and Sondra were joined by five other couples and in three carryalls they set out. In about an hour they reached the designated spot—a beautiful dell with a gay and flashing brook that ran gurgling into a clear and limpid pool. In back of the pool a grassy knoll rose simply, yet majestically, and on the lawn large elm trees cast their fantastic patterns of shade. The men were dispatched to the neighboring hills to gather brushwood for a fire while the misses went about setting places and generally preparing for the repast.

Prominent among the girls of the group was a certain Babs Kennedy. The name suited her well for she was a gay and laughing imp who played up to the men, flattering their ego, straightening their ties or laughing at their jokes—sometimes at jokes rather risqué for a damsel in the Seventies. Babs suggested that she should go along and chaperon the men but she was promptly voted down by the remainder of the female contingent. So it was that the gentlemen went unescorted—and came back carrying firewood.

The picnic could be classed as a success. Every girl's mother had made something especial and many of the maidens themselves had tried their culinary skill as a bait to lure some of the more backward bachelors into the traps of matrimony. The men, as men are wont to do, ate like gluttons and as best they could with mouths full of dripping chocolate cake expressed their satisfaction with the meal provided

for them. Luncheon over, all lolled around for an hour or so, too tired after eating to indulge in any festivities. But who ever heard of a picnic without sports? Accordingly after a while games were suggested. The men started chasing the girls, the wisps of femininity counteracted and started running after the fellows and the whole thing evolved into a game of tag.

Now Sondra could cook, but she couldn't run. Babs, however, was different. She was light and agile, quick and pretty, a sure target for the swains to tag. She became the center of the group of men, making herself very, very popular with the rest of the catty girls. She ran the gamut of remarks, each one

mass. He hurried back, knelt down on one knee, lifted her head in his arms and pleaded, "Babs, Babs, are you hurt? Speak, Babs, it's Frank."

She opened her eyes and murmured, "I guess I'm all right, the fall stunned me, that's all." Frank carried her back to the rest of the group. They noticed how comfortably he held her, they noticed her arm about his back, they noticed her head resting sweetly on his shoulder, they noticed the secret look of enjoyment on her face, the hidden smile of satisfaction—they noticed, but said nothing.

The picnic broke up soon after. The trip home was made in short order. Sondra went home with Frank in a disagreeable silence. He started to explain, then to apologize, but only made affairs worse, so kept quiet the rest of the trip. She was sorry it happened—he said he was, too, but was not quite so sure about it. It created a great topic of conversation for the rest; one or two said it was too bad, most of them averred she had done it on purpose, all speculated on the outcome. They left each other perplexed, tense, tired.

* * * * *

Two weeks passed. Frank was still interested in his horses while wondering if he were still quite as interested in his fiancée. Although he hadn't seen Sondra since the picnic they were still engaged. Talk about him and Babs had quieted down, yet he wondered if he looked forward to October as eagerly as he had before. He was uncertain, restless. His brother Bob came around, chided him, annoyed him so much that Frank was obliged to go for a ride to soothe his unstrung nerves.

There was but one thing that could restore his lost spirits—a fast ride in the country. He had his most prized animal, a tall straight-legged colt with fire in his eyes and the devil in his makeup, hitched to the sulky and set out. He started out for the back road, to be alone, not with his thoughts, for thoughts of late had left him depressed, but alone with his horse.

He turned left out of his drive—

(Continued on Page 18)

NOVEMBER DAY

*Rain falling down upon the dying face
Of leaves that fade in the unlovely street.
Funeral mists that creep in from the sea,
And sink into the heart of men, and chill
Wind wailing thru the skeleton of trees;
The pallid dawn, the dreary noon, the
day*

*Fading and failing in the gathered dusk,
Ebbing and falling in the arms of night;
Gnant drifting moments in the trough of
time.*

JOHN LACROIX, '33

having some pet way of expressing their disapproval. "Did you notice how she always runs after Frank?" "Wouldn't you think she'd have more propriety." "I'm glad I'm not like that." "Be careful Sondra, you'll lose your beau." "Look at her now, chasing Frank."

And she was chasing him, trying desperately to tag him, while he on the other hand increased his speed and climbed a small grassy knoll and went down the other side. She was up the hill after him and halfway down the other side as quickly as he had done it. Ten feet ahead an exposed root of a tree protruded across the path. She did not notice it and tripped over it, falling headlong to the earth—then she remained there motionless. Frank heard the thud, looked around and saw the shapeless

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BATTLE OF BALLOTS

The air is a smoky blue in Tad's famous backroom, on every corner stand newspapers are screaming headlines, radios from all windows are blaring forth ponderous periods, and the ballyhoo artists are reading the riot act to the country at large—for the national election is just a week away. We take cognizance of this important fact because, of the millions who will vote, there will be thousands of undergraduate college men casting their first ballot in a national election.

Political and economic observers have proved conclusively that this is one of the most important elections since the Civil War. This being true, the first-time voter should

be very circumspect in choosing that man or that party which he wishes to lead the country from the present dilemma. As a college man, he should know enough of our history, our economic and political tradition to determine which party he will support. To vote conscientiously, he should probe into the vitals of party policy and practise, to select that one which best exemplifies what he desires for good government.

Naturally many influences will be brought to bear upon the first voter, but it is the sacred prerogative of the American citizen to think for himself. There are many domestic and foreign problems to be understood before any one can vote intelligently. Different sections of the country have varying ideas as to how this country should be controlled, but the benefit of the nation as a unit, and the prosperity of the people as a whole, should be a voter's paramount concern. The people of this nation are vitally interested in this election because the economic crisis has brought the body politic to a sanity which it will not soon lose, and it is to be hoped that experience will teach the necessity for concerted and sensible action.

There are many alarmists condemning our system of government. Some claim it was born in the idealism of the past and is dying in the indifferentism of the present. We wonder what those apostles of democracy who pledged to each other their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor would say about the spirit manifest today? What would they say about the prevalent methods of playing politics when the people of the nation are in dire

need? It would be folly to claim that we have a perfect government because all governments are necessarily full of flaws. It will be a happy day when we reach the governmental millennium.

We must reject the spirit of defeatism which is sapping our national strength, and undermining the confidence upon which this nation is constructed. Our nation will exist only so long as we maintain faith in it. It is for the youth to bring back that faith in the idea and ideal of our forefathers which are realized in the finest government the world has ever known.

FRACAS

The Alembic takes this opportunity to extend felicitations to those who were elected to class offices during the past month. For days before the balloting, many bewildered expressions framed the fair features of our politicians. After all the gesticulating, guessing, and gyrating among the seniors, a dark horse, with many fine qualities which too many of our Machiavellians overlooked, was elected class president. We sympathize with those who were defeated, and some need that solace to salve the wounds sustained in battle. It was a fair and a fine fight and a general favorite won, so we should show the true Providence spirit by shaking the hands of the victor and his adherents and assuring them of sincere support.

A political observer would have enjoyed himself at that memorable class meeting because many political principles were involved. Nothing was ever more patent than the fact that a few will control the many even in a class election. This is necessarily so because those who have the brains and initiative will invariably outmaneuver their opponents. To attain this leadership, however, a man must be a dynamic personality or possess dominating propensities, which will smother opposition. There is nothing so devastating to a politician, on the outside, as the bandwagon.

In realizing the power of the few over the many we have the key to many economic, political

and social problems in our national life. When those leaders have the interests of the masses at heart, they can produce many benefits but, by the same token, when they adhere to the selfish qualities which are such a part of man's makeup they can bring about incalculable evils.

It is to be hoped that the newly elected class officers will work for the good of the class. It is a responsibility that should meet with ready response. There are too many rubberstamp officials extant as it is, and after all the hectic frays, those elected must certainly tread the straight and narrow, doing all in their power to work for general satisfaction.

DECISION

There seems to be considerable sound psychology in the sideshow barker's plea of "something new and something different." This de-

partment has been besought from all sides to support everything from a tea-dance to a year-book. It is the prerogative of youth to work for progress, and to further those things which will redound to their benefit. However, with characteristic impetuosity, we often wish what common sense ordains we should not possess.

Striving under the impression that this magazine should express the mood of the student body, we take this opportunity to explain the case in point. There are many enthusiastic individuals who insist that activity is the essence of school spirit. Arguments make very little impression upon these supporters of action, but it does seem strange that they do not know that we are in the midst of an outstanding football season; that we are greatly concerned with dramatics and debating, that we are deeply involved in various club activities, and that we are up to the proverbial neck in academic

problems. This routine covers everyone in the school, and if the application is what it should be, everyone must be quite busy.

After much profound deliberation, some of the agitators came to the conclusion that we are in the throes of an economic depression. However, they promptly counter with the argument that the only way to bring about recovery is by circulating money. This is excellent in theory, but we must remember, and this is not said with too much levity, that you must have the pecuniary wherewithal to circulate.

The Alembic stands ready to sponsor anything and everything that will benefit the student body and the college. But in view of the fact that we are vitally concerned with issuing this magazine on time, it is quite essential that we permit others to outline heavy programs for further activity. We will support but cannot sponsor any social engagements at the present time.

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MERELY PLAYERS

*"All the world's a stage
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By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.

Lovely Lady

Camille—by Alexander Dumas, fils, translated by Henriette Metcalf. Presented by the New York Civic Repertory Theatre, Inc., at the Wilbur Theatre, Boston.

Generally the revival of any play is but a lacklustre reproduction of the original presentation, a pallid, devitalized image of its proto-type. It flutters fitfully for a while upon the thespian scene and soon submerges into an even deeper obscurity.

But the resurrection of this dramatic classic from the pen of the younger Dumas was not an average revival. In the strict sense of the word it was not even a revival. Rather it was a glorious rejuvenation of a much worn drama; a distinctive triumph for Eva LeGallienne who presides over the destinies of this admirable group of actors.

Camille is the story of Marguerite Gautier, a Parisienne, who held the men of the species in that utter contempt which only a mistress could summon. Into her life came the idealistic, but financially deficient young Armand Duval, and his devotion for her completely obliterated the cloud of cynicism and forced gayety that hovered around her. With him she was happy, but this happiness soon came to an end when his father made her realize that for his own good, and for the sake of his sister who was making a successful marriage, she should give him up. In order to make the separation permanent she chose to disillusion him and returned to her ancient occupation.

The climax of the play came when the lovers met at the home of a mutual friend. Armand, embittered and satirical, had been gambling recklessly and, believing implicitly in the adage, "unlucky in love, lucky at cards," had won heavily. It seems that he had been indebted to Marguerite, who had

sold everything to keep them in the country, and with a torrent of insults, he hurled a handful of franc notes in to her face. She, dazed and broken by his action, and weakened by a mortal illness, was completely crushed.

Armand left Paris but Marguerite took to her deathbed, a tragic figure whose health had been sacrificed for her love. But Armand's father, hearing of this, relented and sending for his son, told of his deceit. The lovers were reunited but the shock of Armand's return was too much for the dying Marguerite, and she expired in his arms.

This story as I write it is clumsy, but if I were to inscribe it as Miss LeGallienne and Mr. Joseph Schildkraut acted it, I would be a Stevenson in style and a Dickens in emotionality. Their interpretation of the leading roles of this play had one thing in common, and that was vitality. They gave this old and almost outmoded play a new lease of life. Into its veins they poured new blood, new energy, and with their enthusiasm and artistry they transformed it from a senile play into an amazingly youthful drama.

With her truly characteristic flair for good drama, Miss LeGallienne played Marguerite to the hilt. Using all the artistry at her disposal, her delicate inflections

and intonations, her perfect postures and expressive hands, she enhanced the role of Marguerite with the fragile beauty of the flowers she affected, the camillias. Quite in contrast to Lillian Gish, the latest to essay this character, and whose apathetic performance devitalized the play and bored the audiences, Miss LeGallienne's portrayal was thoroughly alive and brimming with the enthusiasm for which she is so famous.

It seems that a large number of our so-called emotional actresses choose leading men of rather inferior ability so that their interpretation may, by contrast, seem more effective than they really are. Witness the slipshod portrayal of Armand by the gurgling, juvenile, Raymond Hackett in Miss Gish's presentation of *Camille*. But Eva LeGallienne chose Joseph Schildkraut for the part of Armand and, by this choice, she matched her own performance with one equally

Coming Events

Cornelia Otis Skinner—America's greatest monologist in her famous presentations of the "Wives of Henry VIII" and "The Empress Eugenie" at the Carlton, Nov. 4 and 5.

Springtime for Henry—by Benn W. Levy. A spicy specimen of farce comedy. The best of last year's leftovers of this variety—at the Carlton, Nov. 7 and 8.

The Green Pastures—by Marc Connelly. The fable of the Lord walking upon the earth as conceived in the mind of the negro. Pulitzer Prize Play for 1930. At the Carlton, the week of the 14th.

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's immortal drama interpreted by Walter Hampden, whose portrayal of Cyrano has never been surpassed on the American stage. At the Carlton, Dec. 12.



as brilliant. Mr. Schildkraut's Armand was fiery and impassioned and into this character he infused all the idealism that youth possesses and all the disillusionment it suffers. With his flawless technique, aided by his varied and broad dramatic background, he created an Armand who was a perfect counterpart for Miss LeGalliene's Marguerite and upheld the high standards of the Civic Repertory Company.

Pyramid Players

On Friday evening, November 18, the Pyramid Players will inaugurate their season with two one-act plays, and a series of

Shakesporean sketches, to be performed in the College Auditorium. It is the intention of the organization to present in one evening all of the types of entertainment that are found in the theatre of today, namely, farcial, serious, and classical. The first of the plays will be the "Pascoag Convention," an uproariously funny playlet. The second will be "The Conflict," a play much more serious in its nature.

The Shakesporean sketches are to be taken from the "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar" and "Hamlet," and will be presented with all the ability which the Pyramid Players possess in the matter of Shakesporean drama.

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City College N. Y.

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CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



The footballers, we understand, "celebrated" Pulaski day in great style... Wally Panka threw a party and did you ever hear of footballers refusing an invitation?... It is our firm belief that

the boys had one fine time... They all left with a much greater admiration for Pulaski than they had before they came.

The Boston University game was a great affair in more ways than one... Johnny Glennon, that innocent-faced little chap, who is generally at the bottom of all the trouble, his bedmate, Matt O'Malley, Johnny Smith and A. L. Burque attended and made more noise than they ever made before at a game... they must have wanted to win that game bad... We think they had an inspiration... and then we looked beside them and if we weren't surprised to see a few little queennies... We remarked to ourselves that little or no good would come from that... Burque arrived home early and said that he and the rest couldn't be bothered with them... but somebody told us afterwards that maybe the case was reversed... We know for a certainty, however, that they had full intentions of staying a little while longer when they left... and we never found the St. Regis girls fussy either... But there is always a limit...

Frank Escobar and Barney O'Connor have been doing quite a little running around lately... It must be love when THEY bring a

girl out... Twice now have they hit the high spots and have come back financially unsound... Billie tells us that the two boys ate a very hearty breakfast...

Dick Burns, we have been told, pulled a fast one on the New York trip... that was a long time ago but somehow we didn't hear it on time for the initial issue... It would be our greatest desire to relate to you that tale but maybe it would be better for all concerned if we passed up this golden opportunity... We may be mistaken but we think it was Red Gould that was with him at the time... If it was he, he sure took an awful wetting... Can you imagine anyone throwing water around like Dick did that night...

It used to be Captain John Smith but now it is Referee Smith... the little half pint is refereeing football games in suburban towns around Fall River... One of the spectators informed us that Smitty took an awful beating when he inflicted a few penalties... We still believe in the old motto that little boys should be seen and not heard...

Although Smitty is a senior in college he is still up to his boyish pranks... and can any of you imagine a P. C. senior writing notes to his little sweetheart... Rene "Doc" Barrett is the one who has to deliver them for him... Oh, to be back to those days... puppy love...

Our classy little backstop, Mr. Tebbetts is still the social lion he always was... Jerry Flynn was heard to remark that he went with Teb to a dance... After the dance Teb invited the girls in to eat at which everyone was delighted to think that Teb was at last breaking out like that... but everyone was disappointed... for after a

healthy repast who has to share the financial burden but Jerry and the other gentleman in the crowd... he didn't even have a cigarette... We don't blame Jerry if he never goes out with him again for some of the things he said were terrible...

Another party took place one evening in nearby surroundings... it was a huge success and the hostess was kind enough to bring out the cake and coffee... Koslowski helped himself a-plenty but really not too noticeably and Reilly was really proud of him... They were going home on the trolley, three of them, Kos puts his hand in one of his pockets and pulls out three pieces of the cake and distributed them... The other two boys now fear to return to the house but not Kos... the cake was too good...

Mal Brown at last has pulled a few fast ones that enables him to break into print... Dr. O'Neill, who is preaching to Mal what one should and should not know about English in a one o'clock class afternoons was astounded at his witty retorts... the Doctor had asked the class for a few Latin or French expressions that are used frequently in our language... someone said "savoir faire" and was complimented... but the redoubtable Malcolm H. knew a better one and up he jumps... "Sub luna cum puella" (under the moon with a girl) pipes Mal... and for the English translation Mal gives "perfect bliss"... maybe Madame Queen isn't as lonesome at night as we first imagined... and then there was another that Mal knew... he could never stop at one... "Labor omnia vincit" but the Doctor had one for that and told his star pupil that he should insert "Taurus" in its place... the well known bull would have to enter into it...

Somebody found a way to keep Joe Adamick out of his residence anyway... it seems that "One Play" had always been hanging around just to listen to the radio... so the guy gave him the radio to take home... suppose that was the cheapest way to get rid of him at that... maybe now he will remain at home and mind his sore leg...

Jack Schott, according to his own confession, was a copper during the summer...what a time he must have had...when the law is behind you there are a lot of things that you are enabled to do that you ordinarily can't...as the football season progresses we think that maybe that little experience helped him for he sure put a stop to some of those onward rushes...after that we ought to be on the good side of you...possibly you can help defend us when this column is being read by some of the boys.

Johnny Glennon has sure reformed this year...O'Malley says he has gone to the dogs...in every night says Matt and he's got a 74.33 average...we noticed him, however, waiting at the diabetic corner for three nights a-running for a date...we never thought it would come to that, John...and Irvin says that without a doubt that you are the best looking fellow in the school—and Irv should know...

This is the first we have heard concerning the Tuesday night supper club...we could hardly call it a society...despite the fact that our Derby favorite is at the head of it...can anyone even picture such a conglomeration of "critics" (shall we call them) as Matthew O'Neill, Bartholomew Skipp, "Mac" McKeough and a bunch of the same sort assembling at what was a respectable place once a week...what they criticize we can only guess...Maybe an invitation to one of their gatherings would enlighten us...no, boys, we are not hinting for an invite, we are coming right out and asking for one...it certainly isn't anything worth while that they discuss anyway...with such a leader they should go far, however...far into the hole...

One of the young 'uns came back to the corner after the Holy Cross game after participating momentarily in the fray and came out with the declaration that he didn't think that the Jesuit boys were so hot...we are now waiting for his viewpoint of the Dean Academy game in which he relieved one of the starters...

Our even more bald-headed friend Maguire and his cohort

"Mac" McCabe entertained at St. Pius at a Hallowe'en dance not so long ago...many fine words were heard concerning their "rhythm kings" but the greatest tribute to their playing was that Tom Griffin got up and danced...boys, you certainly were awful good or awful bad...Jimmy Cannon was the shining light at that affair, though...he sure did some pretty stepping...when Cannon and Griffin go out together they mean business...Bostick, will you kindly

keep your roommate away from Tom?...

Skenyon, who by the way begged us to put something in about him this month, came through with one more fine speech at the senior meeting the other day...he rose to his feet and started to say something about "I would like to nominate a man who has done this and that" but the class thought he was going to nominate himself so once more took him down a peg with a chorus of birds...

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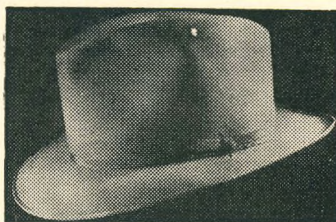
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ROVIDENCE ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33

STAGG AT BAY



The grand old man of athletics has passed on, leaving the position which he so excellently filled for the past forty years, as director of athletics at the University of Chicago. It is with much

sadness that we note the passing from the athletic picture of Amos Alonzo Stagg. For many years he has drawn the attention of the country by virtue of his splendid athletic record and his outstanding regard for the fundamental ideal of intercollegiate athletics. He has accomplished perhaps more than any other individual in the position which he held and his passing is one which the athletic world regrets.

Well might the sports writers of the country bewail the passing of this great figure. It is the result of the toll of years to be sure but Stagg is far from finished as far as coaching athletics is concerned. Despite the fact that he has reached the age of three score and ten we believe that this would in no way interfere with his carrying out the task which he has so excellently accomplished in his long association with college athletics. We like to think that such service and satisfaction rendered, should make Stagg an inseparable part of the University of Chicago.

From my point of view, Stagg should be as much a part of the University as those beautiful Gothic buildings for which Chicago

University is justly famous. His record during the time he has served as athletic director there gives to the college something which it cannot afford to lose. Stagg will go down in history as

one of the greatest men of all times and the university should be proud that it was on the campus in Chicago that Stagg began and continued a career which should indeed serve as an ideal to every college man.

To some individuals athletics are only a hobby, but to the grand old man it was his life's work. His heart and soul were in the activity and success of the students under his charge. His purpose was however to develop character rather than outstanding athletic machines. He would sacrifice none of the qualities attributed to a gentleman for the sake of a passing glory which comes from athletic success. For this reason he has become an outstanding exponent of the ideals which we like to believe are the basis for all our collegiate activities.

We would not say that Stagg did not enjoy a thrilling 90-yard dash as much as the hysterical crowds which witnessed the many dramas which he staged so well. But he was more concerned with the physical and psychological reactions of his associates among the student body. He would countenance nothing in the way of con-

ceit among his athletic heroes and at the same time he was always ready with words of encouragement to the boy who just could not make the grade. It was this close contact with the boys that made Stagg a beloved and familiar figure among the students.

It is entirely natural that Stagg during his many years at Chicago would contribute much to the games with which he was concerned. He completed the triumvirate of Warner and Rockne and many are of the opinion that the success of the late Notre Dame coach was due in a great part to those athletic ideals and knowledge which he gained in his association with Stagg. Add to this Stagg's contribution to the athletic world of various books and rules on the games plus many other additions and the athletic world should indeed be grateful. The contribution of Stagg together with Warner and Rockne to football strategy will be remembered for years to come because they appreciated that success depends upon the good will and activity of the individual. Such a policy made it possible for Stagg to develop such outstanding exponents of athletic prowess as Walter Eckersall, Fritz Crisler, Pat Page, his present assistant, and Walter Steffen.



Boyle

It seems strange that fate should pick such a time to deal a blow as fatal as this, now that Stagg, after fighting for the past few years against overwhelming odds, has finally brought his football team back into prominence. He gave ample proof of this early in the season when the best eleven he has produced in years battled a mighty Yale team to a 6 to 6 tie to upset the predictions of the leading sport writers of the country.

Such has been his career during the time he was associated with athletics. His plans for the future are at the present time uncertain. As compensation for his removal the University has offered him a position, but it is doubtful if Stagg will accept. He has been forced to give up his ambition in life and it seems that nothing can heal the wound.

Truly he was the grand old man.

Providence 25, Boston University 6

The flying feet of Tony Barbarito and Omer Landry, fleet Friar back-field performers, stilled the potent guns of a bewildered Boston University team at Nickerson Field in Boston before a capacity crowd of ten thousand spectators, the final score being 25 to 6 in favor of Providence. Spectacular dashes, one by Landry for 70 yards on a runback of a punt, another by Owren for 37 yards after intercepting a pass, and a third by Barbarito for 63 yards on a run from scrimmage, accounted for three of the Friar touchdowns.

After keeping the ball in the Boston University territory for the first period, the Friars found their hidden strength and uncovered an offensive thrust that was not halted until the final period, too late to avert the high score which the Terriers vainly tried to prevent. With Landry, O'Keefe, Wright, and Rennick leading the way, the Dominicans pounded through the Boston line and paved the way for the second Friar victory of the season, and the first setback for the Pioneers.

The second period had hardly started when Landry reeled off his sensational run. A long punt from Call was fumbled for a moment by

the diminutive Friar signal-caller, but a quick recovery on his own 30-yard line started him on his trek back up the field. Racing wide behind his fast forming interference, Landry skirted the outside of the charging Boston tacklers, and aided by the blocking of Joe Wright, who dropped two tacklers at one blow, sped down the sidelines to the distant goal line which he finally crossed without a single Boston stalwart laying a hand on him. O'Keefe's try for the extra point by placement went wide.

A few minutes later when the Pioneers tried to equal the score by resorting to an overhead game, Kutniewski, Boyle, and Lawler, Providence linemen, stormed through and blocked an attempted pass. The ball bounded upward and before it could fall to the ground it was gathered into the arms of the alert Ivar Owren, who wasted no time in speeding the intervening 37 yards to the goal line for the second score of the game.

In the third period Providence flashed a steady offensive march to collect the third score. O'Keefe broke through the line and carried deep into the Pioneers' territory before being hauled to earth. Two successive passes, the first from O'Keefe to Del Vecchio, and the second from Gould to Roberge brought the ball to the five yard line. On the fourth down O'Keefe spun through right tackle and over the line for the score, and

(Continued on Page 19)



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Solution

(Continued from Page 3)

Reverting to our introductory paragraph, here is a community which accepts the conclusions of a Great Leader, and the members have found therein, in an individual sense, the answer to the riddle of the universe. What price the struggle and the turmoil of the modern world if one can find in the ordered combination of labor and prayer the answer to the eternal human Why?

But I venture too far afield. This life could not be imposed upon the great mass of mankind; the field of human endeavor is too diverse and complex. I leave the monastery with a better appreciation of the simpler and gentler existence of our ancestors of an age antedating the industrial era, and I must confess that new understanding is slightly tinged with envy.

The Four Leaf Clover

(Continued from Page 4)

Then with a burst of confidence, he put his hand on the waiter's arm and motioning him to bend his head, he whispered, "And furthermore, you will not see me around here after tonight. I am going to give up this gambling life and live in the country as a gentleman."

The waiter answered, "C'est bien, Monsieur." Then continuing, "I hope that this is true. At last you have seen the folly of your way." Then with a nod of his head, he lectured on. "The life of a gambler is that of a fool, if I—" but here Jean broke in smilingly.

"I know, Alphonse, you have told me many times before. I have found it out myself. 'A fool and his money are soon parted,' such is the saying. But this is my last chance and I am sure of winning." Then holding the four-leaf clover in the palm of his hand, he raised his head and continued, "Besides I have luck with me."

"Well, Monsieur," replied the waiter, "I wish you all the luck in the world."

Jean ordered his dinner. A very sumptuous one. Having finished he

prepared to leave the restaurant, but before going gave Alphonse a large tip.

"Goodbye Monsieur," said the waiter, "again I wish you good luck. You are very confident tonight."

"Yes," replied Jean, "Who would not be, with a four-leaf clover?"

Jean departed. He decided to take a walk before going to the gambling place. About nine-thirty he entered the building. Bidding hello to the doorman, he checked his hat and coat and strolled leisurely through the gambling hall, stopping here and there to look at some of the games. Once he stopped and placed a small bet on one of the wheels and won. He walked off happily.

There, luck was with him. That proved it. He tried again with a small bet, and again he won. This proved that his luck had changed. No doubt about it. Jean walked through the crowd, very happy. He was confident that he would win. Then when he regained his fortune—no more gambling. The nervous tension of the gambling house would affect him no more. His nerves needed a rest. He had seen life and felt its thrills and sensations. He dreamily envisioned a country estate, green woods and lawns, flowers and the cool breezes of the country. "Ah, what a relief it will be for a tired old man," he mused.

Walking over to his usual table he placed a small bet on the wheel, but this time he lost—purposely, for it would not be well to let them think that he knew their system. He did this several times. After about an hour's gambling, he came off evenly. He now decided to pull his coup d'état as he termed it. What a surprise it will be to the croupier. It was about time that Jean won. He would laugh, not with sarcasm, but with pleasure.

But then a nervous apprehension began to grip him. Damn the nerves. He shouldn't gamble; he was too old. He was all right in his younger days. Too old and putting all his money on one bet. It would be better to have ten thousand francs than to be starving, and to be an object of charity. Apprehen-

sively he looked around; he would be a broken man, if he lost. Life or death in that case would mean nothing to him. Death was preferable. For the first time in his life his actions denoted his nervous feelings. He couldn't go on. He walked away from the table out into the cool night air. His nerves were highly excited. The cool breezes and odor of the trees and flowers envisioned within him, that country estate again. He would never get it if he didn't win and in order to win he must bet. Well, his life had been a continuous gamble anyhow. One more chance would make very little difference. Besides this was not a chance. Hadn't he figured out a system? Could he not beat the wheel? Certainly he could. Moreover luck was with him tonight—the four leaf clover, those two bets, hadn't they proven it? Any gambler would be glad to have a four-leaf clover with them while gambling. And they wouldn't hesitate either! But they weren't taking the chance that he was. Oh, well—he wasn't going to hesitate. He would walk right in and take his chance.

Suiting the action to the thought, Jean walked in again and several acquaintances greeted him. Jean acted as if he did not hear them. Nervously walking on, he went directly to his table. He watched the turn of the wheel, studying it carefully and noting the winning numbers. He began to feel some confidence. Suddenly taking out his wallet he put ten thousand francs on number sixty-seven.

The croupier looked at him questioningly, "Ten thousand francs, Monsieur?"

"Yes," Jean nervously replied.

The crowd at the table gasped. This was more than a usual bet. Money was laid on the different numbers, but none so large as this.

"It is ready," the croupier says. He gives the wheel a turn. It seems to go around interminably. Would it never stop? Suppose he lost! Number sixty-seven. Ah! The wheel was beginning to slow down. Jean stiffens. His hands clench and unclench nervously. He cannot keep them quiet; they will not be still. His nerves are begin-

ning to crack. He puts his hands in his pockets. He removes them. What is it that he has in his hands? The four-leaf clover. The wheel is stopping. He nervously puts his hands to his mouth. He is chewing something; he is very nervous. The crowd is tense. The wheel has stopped.

"Number—," the croupier hesitates, he looks closer, "number sixty-seven wins."

The crowd was in a hush. Jean does not move. He is like a ghost. He does not say anything.

The croupier thinks he wishes to play the same number again. The wheel goes round. Would he win again? Twenty thousand francs were on it this time. The man was foolish. He would never win again. No one had ever done it before. Slowly the wheel again comes to a stop. The crowd stiffens. What number is it? The crowd presses closer. One can feel the hot breath of another on his back as they lean over to see what number wins. The wheel stops. The croupier looks at it again.

"Number sixty-seven wins again."

The crowd falls back. They look at one another. Silence is upon all. Suddenly Jean Bascombe falls to the floor. An attendant rushes over, feels his heart and looks up at the crowd. The crowd stars apprehensively.

"Dead," laconically utters the attendant.

The crowd breaks into a babble of questions and voices. The tension is relieved. But there is no more gambling for the night. Death is a bad omen.

* * * *

The next day, Alphonse, the waiter, visited the morgue. The doctor is examining the body of Jean Bascombe. Alphonse approaches the doctor slowly.

"It is too bad, he never had any luck. I suppose it was heart failure, eh, Doctor?"

The doctor looked at Alphonse. "Did you know this man?"

"Yes," replied the waiter, "he dined at our restaurant each night. We used to converse often. I suppose the nervous tension was too much. It affected his heart?"

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"No," answered the doctor hesitantly, "he was poisoned."

"Poisoned!" the waiter grew pale. "Suicide, you mean?"

"No," answered the doctor shaking his head, "It was an accident, or more than that. It was fate."

"What do you mean?" queried Alphonse.

The doctor looked long at Alphonse before continuing. "Just as I said, Jean Bascombe was poi-

soned. He won on the first number by his system as his notes show, but the second was his luck. Only he was dead then."

"How was he poisoned, Doctor?" asked Alphonse, "I am sure that Jean Bascombe did not carry poison with him, nor would he use it after winning as he did."

"No, it was fate," the doctor philosophized. "We found a four-leaf clover in his mouth."

"A four-leaf clover? I know that he had one—but how could that poison him?" asked Alphonse.

"Well," answered the doctor slowly, "apparently Jean found a four-leaf clover yesterday on one of the lawns that had been covered with insecticide chemicals. In the nervous waiting for the wheel to stop he probably started chewing on it as a nervous person would do. This caused the poison to come off the clover, thereby killing him. Very deadly stuff."

Alphonse remembered. Those white spots! Well, such was fate. Jean kept his promise; he would gamble no more.

Important Accident

(Continued from Page 7)

way, went down two streets, turned left again and with one more turn would be headed for the open country. On the corner ahead he saw a solitary person, but today he had no time to look at even a solitary person. About to turn the corner he heard a girlish voice call, "Hello Frank." He looked around—the solitary person was Babs. He drew

up his horse, took off his hat and got out, inquired about her health, her mother, the weather, and all other polite things, that a gentleman in any day or age should inquire about.

"Where might you be going this dear old afternoon?" she queried.

"I might be going to Scotland," he laughed, "but I'm not, I'm going for one devilish fast ride in the open country." Then in an unsuspecting moment Frank added, "Come along?"

"Love to," chirped Babs and left Frank so stunned he didn't know what to do. Most of the girls he knew fought shy of fast horses, but this girl seemingly was afraid of nothing. He helped her in, she moved over close to his portion of the seat, he climbed in, the horse started and they were off.

"You're not as fast as your horse, are you? You know, I'd be afraid riding with some men but I know you're a good driver," Babs opened the conversation.

"Therein our opinions concur exactly," Frank answered. "However, don't cross your bridges before they are hatched, meaning, of course, don't congratulate me on my driving till I get you home safely."

"I'm not afraid," she replied, and looked it.

Frank was beginning to enjoy his afternoon and he had no doubt that she was enjoying hers. The horse still trotted at a moderate pace, being held in check by its driver. Farther out from town they went, all habitation seeming to glide by them as the steady trot, trot, of the horse's hoofs left a swirl of dust behind. The day was clear overhead, the road was clear straight ahead. "Now, thought he," is my chance to show her some fast stepping. And voicing his thoughts he advised, "Hold on tight we're going now." She edged a little closer, he gave the horse a looser rein, the colt stepped up his pace and the sulky bounced and careened on the dirt road. Scenery almost flew by now, poles and trees merged into one fleeting glimpse, houses appeared, came, and were gone before one fairly

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noticed them. All was breathless, all wonderful.

Some distance ahead there appeared a maelstrom of dust and both looked surprised, then looked at each other, smiled, and kept going. The cloud before them began to take shape and appeared to be a horseless carriage. Frank tried to swerve to the right, at the same time attempting to slow him down, but too late. The animal had seen the oncoming auto, became frightened and broke his trot. He started into a canter, bolted, and then started off on a tangent at a wild gallop. He went into a field at the right, still continuing his mad pace. The field was rough; stones and stumps littered the whole way. The light sulky bounced, jolted, righted itself and then careened again. Frank tried desperately to stop the frightened horse. He yanked on the reins, he shouted at the top of his coarse voice, but to no avail. Babs was too frightened to say anything. She held on as tightly as possible, afraid at every moment of being hurtled into space. The stallion kept up his terrific speed, stopping neither for stump nor boulder. Finally the left wheel of the sulky went over an exceptionally large rock. The sulky was thrown into the air and it came down on its side. Babs gave one scream, her hold was loosened and she fell against a sharp projecting stump. Her scalp was cut and blood poured from the wound. Frank also was thrown from his seat but luckily he had landed in an open stretch, free from stumps and rocks. He got up, dazed, so stunned he hardly knew what to do but upon seeing Babs lying helpless went over to assist her. He took her head on his knees and wiped the blood that marred her forehead, then he placed her in a reclining position on the ground.

By this time the people in the horseless carriage had stopped their contraption and were rushing through the fields to see if they could be of any assistance. They dashed up without bothering with introductions, inquired if they could help. It was too late—Babs lay dead, a concussion of the skull

caused when she hit the stump had proved fatal.

* * * *

Frank was again seated on his porch. In the last three weeks many realizations had dawned on him. The lies that were told about him, the furtive whisperings behind his back, the calumnies, the falsehoods—why he had gone on that ride, what he had done; the horror, late regrets, the people—the damnable people with their knowing smiles and hypocritical gestures of tolerance—all, all convinced him that he should leave Alton, forever, to forget, particularly to forget Sondra, now the ex-fiancee of Franklin Brown.

He confided his plans to his mother. He bade his brother Bob goodbye, and left for Chicago.

* * * *

Three months later the postman carried a letter from Alton, Mass., to a Mr. Franklin Brown, 1325 Columbus Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Inside were the contents: Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Johnson are pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter, Sondra, to Robert L. Brown, son of Mrs. John Franklin Brown of Alton.

Athletics

(Continued from Page 15)

then place kicked the extra point. Boston University capitalized two Providence penalties to get within scoring distance in the final period, and then turned to the air to move the ball over the Friar

final lime mark. A surging Providence line frustrated the place kick attempt for the extra point. This score was equalized soon after when Tony Barbarito, aided by the splendid blocking of his mates, swept through left tackle, eluded the Pioneer secondary, and sprinted 63 yards for a touchdown. The try for the point failed.



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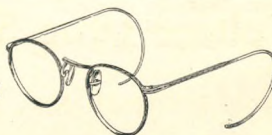
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